

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1806.

No. 28.

THE GAMESTER.

(Concluded.)

ALARMED by a groan from the voice of her husband, the terrified Louisa flew to the spot, and opening the door with an eagerness of action, the weapon of destruction instantly went off. Providentially, however, her abrupt entrance startled him; the ball passed over his head, and shivered a large mirror into a thousand pieces, which was placed on the opposite side of the room. Petrified with horror at the scene she had witnessed, and terrified at the countenance of her husband, in which misery was displayed, she remained for some moments in speechless agony, unable to articulate a single word. Clifford had thrown himself upon a sofa; his figure represented the image of despair. The agonized Louisa at length dropped upon her knees before him, and in trembling accents demanded an explanation of his grief.

"Why, oh, why! (said the tortured Clifford, pressing her to his bosom at the same time,) did you prevent me from putting a period to my existence? I cannot, my Louisa, support the anguish of life!" The agitated Mrs. Clifford again implored him to tell her the cause of a sorrow which tortured and agonized her heart. "I am undone!" he exclaimed. "I have ruined you, and my children—but curses upon the wretches who have brought this misery upon my head! Yet

it is myself I ought to curse, (said he, in more softened accents, and at the same time bursting into tears.) Oh, my Louisa! what a monster is thy husband! How will that form be able to encounter distress?"

With all the pathos of genuine affection, the amiable Louisa assured him, that she could support any affliction whilst sustained by his regard: the loss of splendour she declared she could submit to without repining, as her happiness had never depended upon external appearances, but was derived from his love. By assurances like these, the storm of conflicting passions became quieted; his countenance assumed a less alarming cast; he acknowledged the rashness of the action he had been guilty of, and implored the author of his existence to pardon his crime.

It was mutually agreed that they should immediately quit London, and retire to some distant part of the country, where they could live much cheaper. On the following morning he received a note from Lord Dorset, demanding the money immediately to be paid. This conduct in a man for whom he had felt a sincere regard, was an increasing pang to the susceptible Clifford's heart; and, after assuring him it should be paid within a short period, he set off for the country, leaving Louisa to arrange the household affairs. Scarcely was he gone, when the servant announced Lord Dorset. Louisa, when she beheld him, endeavoured to retire;

but he caught her by the hand, implored her to hear him for a few moments, and, as he forcibly detained her, dropped upon his knee. "The sentiments (said he) which I felt for Miss Mordant, glow as warmly for Mrs. Clifford as they did at that time; and she shall never suffer from the good fortune which attended me; I will become *her banker* to any extent she likes."

"It is not sufficient, my Lord, (replied Louisa,) that to *you* I owe the ruin of my beloved Clifford, but you must shock my ears by professions which is an insult to hear? Leave me, Sir; and never wound my feelings by your presence; for your *friendship*, and your *favours*, I equally despise."

"It is in your power, Madam, to bring about an accommodation between me and your husband, (rejoined his Lordship, disregarding of the contempt which darted from Louisa's eyes,) provided you will but shew a slight degree of partiality, and give me reason to hope I may make an impression upon your heart." "All I have to desire of you is, that you will instantly leave me," said Mrs. Clifford. At that instant the door was thrown open, and Clifford beheld Lord Dorset upon his knees. "Scoundrel! (he exclaimed in an impassionate accent,) this is too much for human nature to bear!" and catching him by the arm, with fury in his countenance, he actually forced him out of the door. The terrified Louisa uttered a shriek the most alarming, and fell almost

senseless at her husband's feet, who endeavoured to sooth her into composure; but she dreaded the consequences of this alarming scene. Clifford assured her that he thought him a villain beneath his notice, and said every thing that was likely to assuage her fears; but when he had succeeded in allaying her apprehensions, he went in pursuit of the wretch who had endeavoured to seduce his wife. Meeting him in the street, he loaded him with those epithets which the baseness of his conduct deserved. The consequences of this was, that a meeting was settled for the next morning, which took place in the Bird-cage-walk.

After this point of honour, as it is falsely called, was adjusted between them, Clifford returned home, apparently composed, telling Louisa he had altered his resolution, and should not go into the country until the following day. As far as was in his power, he arranged his temporal circumstances, and left the slight remains of his affluent fortune to his amiable wife; and at the appointed hour the next morning, he repaired to the spot that had been fixed upon, attended by Mr. Hunter, and an intimate friend. He contrived to get up without disturbing Mrs. Clifford, who awoke soon afterwards, and missing the object of her solicitude, her foreboding heart anticipated the business on which he was gone. Too soon were her dreadful apprehensions realized. Clifford was brought home apparently dead; and, for the space of six weeks, her feelings were kept in a state of torture; and skill less eminent than Mr. Hunter's could not have preserved his life. As soon as he was able to bear the journey, he retired to the country. From *six thousand*, his income was reduced to about *four hundred* a year. But never did a single murmur escape the lips of Louisa: the education of her children, and the cares of her family, occupied her attention, and afforded her delight.

To the cottage which Clifford had taken, several acres of land were attached; and he endeavoured to banish reflection from his bosom, by cultivating them with care: but vain were his attempts to drive past *folies* from his *recollection*; his imprudencies had made too deep an impression upon his heart. When he beheld the beloved wife of his affection, deprived of those elegancies and indulgences, to which, from absolute childhood, she had been used, the unbidden tear of remorse

would fill his eyes with tenderness, and he was frequently obliged to quit the room. The effect of the wound which he had received from the hand which ruined him, produced likewise a visible effect upon his health, and the combination of mental and bodily sufferings, was too great for his constitution to withstand. It was evident to all around him, that a consumption was making rapid progress. To Bristol he went, in compliance with the persuasions of his wife; but it was a Lethean spring which the ill-fated Clifford wanted, to wash *retrospection* and *remorse* from his mind. His disorder rapidly increased, in spite of the balsamic qualities of those waters; and he implored his beloved Louisa to return, for he felt that he was drawing near the close of his existence, and he earnestly wished to die at home.

A few days after his return to his peaceful dwelling, a langour, never before experienced, overspread his frame; all visual objects faded before him; and a presentiment of what was about to happen was impressed upon his mind. "Oh, my Louisa, (he cried,) I too well know your goodness: your heart has forgiven the injuries I have done you, but I have never been able to forgive myself. I am torn from you, and my dear children; in the very prime of my existence; a victim to that rashness and folly, which has undermined my peace. I urge, I require you, at this awful moment, to impress a *detestation* of the practice of *GAMING* upon our children's minds. Every man, at first, may resist its allurements; but it is a vice which, when once they are engaged in, it is most difficult to overcome. I, alas! I am a wretched instance of the truth of this assertion, and I implore you to impress an abhorrence of the practice upon my injured children's minds. And from you, my Louisa, whom I have, in spite of my wickedness, ever loved with the fondest affection, I now feel that I am about to be torn from you! But as you have ever returned the tenderness I felt towards you, I now implore you to exert yourself for *mine* and our children's sake. The children of your once not unworthy Clifford, claim this proof of maternal fondness from their mother! My fate is just. That I am penitent, most truly penitent, Heaven, who knows the pangs of remorse I have suffered, can fully witness. Oh, my Louisa! My beloved Louisa!"—Here his voice faltered, articulation failed him, the damps of death

bedewed his pallid face, and pressing the object of his love to his palpitating bosom, the amiable, but imprudent Clifford expired!

SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, FOR
THE VISITOR.

MARIA.....A FRAGMENT.

*** MARIA was among the fairest and sweetest girls that I have ever known. If the love of the fondest and best parents—if the most enchanting grace and beauty—if the pure spirit and disposition of a seraph could have saved her from misery, Maria had been saved. My heart bleeds at the recollection of her. But let me try to command myself while I tell this tale of joy turned into sorrow: of the fairest hopes reversed and blasted—of the brightest lustre and beauty extinguished forever.

Her parents were not rich, but they were good. Although they had lived much in the world, they retained a simplicity of character which is now rarely encountered except in the description of poets. Their benevolent breasts were fraught with a tenderness of feeling whose luxury is known only to the poor and humble. The rich and the prosperous know it only by name.—Their simplicity, their benevolence, their sensibility were concentrated in the bosom of the young Maria—They gave an emphasis to her opening beauty—suffused her cheek with a richer hue—and rode, in triumph on the beams of her eyes, through the heart of every beholder. I remember Maria at her first appearance in the ball room. She was then about fourteen years of age. The enquiry ran—"what rose bud of beauty is this?" The epithet was applied with peculiar propriety: it depicted in one word, her youth, her beauty, her innocence and sweetness. She danced; when light and ethereal as a sylph, she surpassed whatever we have read of the wild, the striking, captivating graces displayed by the rural beauties of the flowery side of *Ætna*. It was easy to read in the countenance of this gay and artless young creature, the exulting expectations with which she was entering in life. Her childhood had passed away

amid the blandishments and caresses of her fond parents; all had been ease, indulgence and gratification; admired, applauded and beloved by every body who saw or knew her, every day, every hour, every minute had been filled with animation, joy and rapture. As yet she had frolicked only on "life's velvet lawn," covered with a canopy of blooming amaranth; and her young fancy was teeming with visions of bliss in bright and boundless prospects. Alas! poor Maria: How soon was the serene and joyous morning to be overcast! A lover presented himself.—Like Maria he was in the bloom of youth, and had every advantage of person and address; but his breast was not, like Maria's, the residence of pure and exalted virtue. He loved her indeed; or rather he was infatuated by her beauty; but he was incapable of forming a correct estimate of the treasure which was lodged in her bosom; of that heart whose purity, delicacy, fidelity, generosity and sensibility, an angel might have avowed without a blush. The dupe, however, of fervent and pathetic professions, she accepted this man; and Maria, who was formed to crown the happiness of a sensible and virtuous man, became the miserable wife of a weak and vicious man. Merciful God! Must I remember the contrast which I so often witnessed, in agony! Poor Maria! Her velvet lawn was exchanged for a wilderness of briars and brambles; her amaranthine canopy for the keen cutting blasts of a winter's sky. I have seen Maria in the thronged assembly room, when every eye was fixed upon her with delight, and followed her in speechless admiration through the mazes of the graceful dance; and I have seen the same Maria far removed from the world's society, and even yet in the bloom of youth, all lonely and drooping like a wounded flower. I have seen the lovely girl, presiding, like a bright, propitious planet at her father's hospitable board; and I have seen her the solitary and medial drudge of her own gloomy and forsaken household. I have beheld her the animating soul of the polished circle, dispensing light and life by her smiles—and my own soul has sunk within me, to see her insulated from the world, and pierced and languishing under the neglect of her once ardent and assiduous husband. She had seen the time when every transitory dejection of countenance had been watched by him, its cause siduously explored, and consolation administered with a tenderness which

could not fail of its effect. But now, without a single enquiry, without one touch of pity he could see her face pale with sorrow, and her once radiant eyes dim with weeping. At such a moment, instead of bending before her as he had once done, and pressing her hand to his sympathetic heart, he could cast on her a look so cold and chilling as to freeze the vital stream of life even in its fountain, fly out of his house with contempt and disgust, and lavish on the vicious and impure those affectionate attentions which he had solemnly vowed to her alone. He might have been happy; and might have realized to his beauteous wife all those dreams of conjugal innocence and bliss with which her youthful fancy was wont to regale her. But instead of these pure and calm joys, whose recollection might have gilded even the moment of death, he chose riot, debauchery and guilt; to his own virtuous and celestial bed, he preferred habitual impurity and prostitution; and instead of the perpetual spring which she had fondly anticipated, poor Maria experienced only perpetual winter. The blast was too keen for her tender frame. She is gone; and with her sister angels, she has found that peace which her unfeeling husband refused to her on earth. Her death stunned him into his senses. In vain he endeavoured to recal her fleeting breath; in vain he promised and avowed if she could be restored to him, to atone for his past neglect by future tenderness. To him the resolution of amendment came too late; may it come in time to a portion of my readers.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
DECEASED FRIENDS.

"From me stern death hath many torn,
"Yet still must love and friendship mourn:
"Where yonder winding waters lave,
"Eliza's beauties gild the grave. LAURA.

How dark, how solemn, is the grave,
No cares no sorrows, there molest;
No sighs nor tears from death can save,
Or warm again the frozen breast.

That beating breast that often glow'd,
And warm'd with genial passions sway;
Those eyes that oft with tears have flow'd
Must ne'er more meet the beam of day.

Can beauty's soul-enchancing power,
Her softest smile, and brightest bloom,
E're steal from time a single hour?
Eliza moulders in the tomb.

Vain the lover, broken hearted,
And vain the fond complaining friend,
From their best beloved parted,
Can life to them, a pleasure lend?

If gentle temper, modest worth,
And artless manners could endear,
Then SIDNEY, long consign'd to earth,
Still claims the tribute of a tear.

And thou sad stranger too doth sleep
All chill'd in death's oblivion lie,
No parents on thy grave can weep,
And o'er their GEORGE'S ashes sigh.

Ah what availeth in that hour,
E'en fairest beauty's sweetest charms
Lordly wealth, and titled power,
Must sleep alike, in death's cold arms.

Even I who heave the pensive sigh,
And weep for those who're pass'd away;
E're days are gone, or years can fly,
May need, myself, the parting lay.

ANNA.

PETTY SINS.

It must be confessed that much evil arises from the world's too great leniency, to what it is pleased to call so, or fashionable frailties. ROMANE, one day preaching extemporaneously on this head, observed, that men, now a-days, have an excuse for every thing. Nothing is so bad but they palliate it. "Why," said he, "they don't so much as call the devil by his right name; but stroke him down the back, and call him, *poor, mistaken angel!* Thus they don't even give the devil his due."

We have indeed great want of a few Cato's, a few censors, to check the lamentable, mischievous, course of vicious frivolity and fashionable infamy.

MAY

IS much like a pretty woman, being full of sweets, and having both tears and smiles at command.

THE WOMEN'S MARKET IN INDIA.

DR. O—. And you really think that on a fortnight's acquaintance, the character of any person can be sufficiently developed, to warrant entering into a connection that is indissoluble?

C—. A fortnight! Why I have known many very happy marriages take place in Bengal, upon an acquaintance of less than half the time. I remember the time, when every fresh cargo of imported beauties used to go off as fast as they were seen. Now, to be sure, the market is overstocked, and many a fine girl remains on hands, for the length of a whole season. But as to making up one's mind upon the business, that can be done in half an hour, as well as in half a century.

You astonish me!—cried Dr. O—. I have indeed heard of young women's going to India, with a view, no doubt, to get established in marriage. But that whole cargoes should go out in that manner, as to a regular market, I really should not, but from good authority, have credited. Surely they can only be some poor unfortunate and friendless girls, who have neither parents nor protectors at home, that are driven to such desperate methods of obtaining a provision?

Pardon me, replied C—; the greatest number who have now come out are sent by their parents and protectors; and, in general, the speculation is not a bad one.

Is it possible! cried Dr. O—, that any parent should be so depraved, as to expose his child to a situation so humiliating! How lost to all that conscious dignity which enhances every female charm! how lost to every sentiment of delicacy must she become, who is thus led to make a barter of herself! My mind revolts at the idea!

Does the distance of the market, then, make such a mighty difference? said C—. Really, my dear Sir, that is an objection merely imaginary. The voyage is a trifle, and, as to conscious dignity and all that, I do assure you, that so far from its being lost by going to India, I have there seen many a girl, who, at an English watering place would have been glad to flirt with an ensign, get so proud and saucy in the space of a few weeks, that

she would not deign to speak to a subaltern! The reason is plain—In India, the number of European ladies is still so small in proportion to the gentleman, that they are there of some consequence. But here they are hawked about in such quantities at every place of public resort, that if the poor things did not lay themselves out to court attention, they would have no chance of being taken notice of.

Better remain unnoticed for ever than be so degraded, said Dr. O—, with vehemence. For my part, though the increasing prevalence of luxury and false pride, and false notions of true dignity, tend to render poverty an evil of mighty magnitude to a helpless female, I had rather see my daughters earning their bread than raised to the highest pinnacle of fortune by such methods.

THE SILENT GIRL BECOMES A TALKATIVE WIFE.

"Silence is the ecstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse."
OTWAY.

SO common is the desire of having a quiet, humble fool for a wife, that a gentleman in this country, (the U. States of America,) a learned doctor of the laws, who had studied more books than the human heart imagined that he wanted a wife, but then he must have one that would not talk much.

Accordingly he looked out for a stupid and ignorant woman, because he laid it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that a sensible, well-informed woman would necessarily talk him to death. Having examined, for sometime, his various female acquaintance, he at length pitched upon the youngest daughter, out of five, of a neighbouring gentleman. This girl was seldom or ever heard to utter a single syllable, but sat in solemn silence during the whole time that all her family, that is, her mother and her elder sisters, who were supposed to have a great deal more sense, were talking away with all their might.

The good doctor intimated to the mother that he wished to have her daughter Nancy as his wife. The mother was not sorry to hear this, for she had a large family, and could not give them much fortune; wherefore she, at once, told the

profound suitor, that he should have Nancy. She immediately apprized the girl of the intended manœuvre, and without more ado this happy couple were united in the bands of wedlock.

The bridegroom had not been married a full week, before he went with a doleful face of complaint, to the mother, setting forth, that her daughter's tongue was never at rest, excepting the few hours in twenty-four in which she slept; and begged earnestly to know what could be done, for that he was prevented from studying, from thinking, in a word, from doing any single thing which might procure him ease and comfort, and that he verily believed he should shortly be killed by his wife's confounded clack.

The mother, who was a prudent woman, replied: "My dear doctor, your good sense and great learning should have pointed out all this to you. My daughter Nancy is a very weak and ignorant girl, and therefore will naturally talk whenever she has an opportunity, for those who think least generally talk the most. But while she was at home, her eldest sister and I, well knowing that if she opened her mouth, nothing but nonsense and childish folly would come out of it, always gave her a strict charge to be silent till she was married or she would never get a husband. The girl, therefore, is not to blame; she cannot, owing to her dulness and ignorance, be expected to be able to derive any comfort from silence, because only those who can think, that is, those who have cultivated minds, can enjoy silence; and as she has been forced to hold her tongue so long, she is now in the right, that she has a fair opportunity, to make all the use of it she can.

"Depend upon it, Sir, a foolish and an ignorant woman is never quiet, if she can help it; and as she knows nothing she must talk nonsense; and this is so obvious to the plainest understanding, that I wonder learned men have never yet found it out. We women know very well, that in proportion as our minds are cultivated, we have resources in ourselves, and can enjoy silence; but when we know nothing, and have nothing to say, we must be always talking. Had you not chosen to yourself, and pitched upon the weakest and most silly of all my daughters, but had told me that you wanted a companion for life, and asked me which of the girls was the most likely to render a man happy and

respectable, I would have told you, at once, that my second daughter, Betsy, was the woman, because she has the most sense."

FRAGMENT ON LOVE.

*** Hail, powerful Love! blissful sovereign of all creation! who holdest thy sway over the mightiest monarch, as well as over the timid nymph; In whose jocund presence all Nature rejoiceth—and who converteth the savage of the desert from barbarity to gentleness! Thou makest the simple cottager happier than the titled lord, and sweeteneth the cup of poverty with content and joy—Without thy influence, life would be tedious and insipid; it would be a stagnant pool, covered with the filthiest weeds! Thy very anxieties are pleasing—thy very frowns delightful! It is thy presence which ennobles the soul of man, and approximates him to his Creator!—Deign, then, to fix thy eternal residence in my breast, in which thou at present revellest—Deign to make the lovely C— reciprocate those affections, which would then be the delight of my existence; for smiles, joys, and felicities, unutterable, accompany thee, and are derived from thee—while restiveness, peevishness, ill nature, and the long, long list of human miseries, are the fruits of thy absence!

FASHIONABLE ROUTS.

WHAT splendid gratifications, of receiving all the world, and seeing, most heterogeneously mixed, fat ladies, debilitated beaus, high blooded dames, young ladies of high ton, saffron-faced spinsters, and counsellors learned in the law!

With such motley groups are fashionable routs filled, where, when you have squeezed through the well-dressed crowd, that surrounds the lady of the house, and paid your compliments, she sets you immediately down to a table, when, after having played your rubber, and deposited your card money, you resign your place to one of the attending expectants, that is eagerly waiting for it.

If you happen to be one of those, who seek for the charms of conversation, refined sense, or sprightly wit, and hope to meet it in so numerous an assemblage of various characters, we are sorry for your disappointment; all you will hear from

the surrounding multitude, is, how they lost the last game by their partners' bad play, which, had their knowledge of the chances been equal to theirs, might have been won. All the losers lay the blame of their ill-luck upon dame Fortune, none on their own want of skill; whilst the winners exult over their crest-fallen opponents, and attribute their success alone to superior science.

FEMALE RESERVE.

WE will here acquaint our young fair readers with some obsolete maxims on that head, formerly in general use, though we believe now so thoroughly antiquated, that the recollection of them is only preserved in old writings, and the chronicles of past times.

It appears from these records, that it was actually once thought, that retiredness, seclusion, and reserve, added to the power of beauty; and that the heart of man used to be assailed by sap and stratagem.—"If you put the lordly creature on his guard," said our great, great grandmothers to their daughters, you teach him to resist your power; and, if you do not carry his affections, by storm, at the first assault, your strength is so much impaired, that you cannot make a second attack. But if, at every interview, you steal upon him with the discovery of some fresh excellence; above all, if, instead of avowing your design against his liberty, you appear to retire from his observation, as if you feared that he was going to commence hostilities against you, you throw him off his guard, and he walks into your toils blindfold." I have modernized the sentiments as well as the language of our venerable predecessors in the above quotation, which may rather be called a paraphrase than an extract, being convinced, that if I had given the speech verbatim, no body would have understood what was meant by "the duties of the holy state of marriage, instituted for mutual comfort," or what was implied by a young woman's early acquiring habits of obedience and domestic occupation. Yet, we must observe, that in those days there was not so large a stock of unmarried ladies upon hand, as since the idea of wife and helpmate have been disunited; and it is only out of pure compassion to the increasing quantity of very amiable, very accomplished, and very sweet-tempered, young

creatures, whom we hourly meet, dancing like the loose-robed graces, or singing like the warbling muses, that we suggest the experiment of their becoming less prodigal of their charms.

MISCHANCE OF FRENCH GALLANTRY, A HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE.

.... I SHALL conclude my letter, descriptive of the fete in honour of the peace, with this laughable anecdote:

A lusty young Frenchman, who, from his head-dress *a la Titus*, I shall distinguish by that name, escorting a lady, who, on account of her beautiful hair, I shall style BERENICE, stood on one of the hindmost benches. The belle, habited in a tunic *a la Grecque*, with a species of sandals which displayed the elegant form of her leg, was unfortunately not of a stature sufficiently commanding to see over the heads of other spectators. It was to no purpose that the gentleman called out *a bas les chapeaux*! When the hats were off, the lady still saw no better. What will not gallantry suggest to a man of fashionable education? Our considerate youth perceived, at no great distance, some persons standing on a plank, supported by a couple of casks. Confiding the fair Berenice to my care, he vanished; but, almost in an instant he reappeared, followed by two men, bearing an apparently empty hogshead, which, it seems he procured from the tavern at the west entrance of the Thuilleries. To place the cask near the feet of the lady, and fix her on it, was the business of a moment. Here then she was, like a statue on its pedestal, enjoying the double satisfaction of seeing and being seen. But, for enjoyment to be complete, we must share it with those we love. On examining the space where she stood, the lady saw there was room for two, and accordingly invited the gentleman to place himself beside her. In vain he resisted her entreaties; in vain he feared to incommode her. Stepping up on the bench, he thence nimbly sprang to the cask; but, oh! fatal catastrophe! while, by the light of the neighbouring cluster of lamps, every one around was admiring the mutual attention of this sympathizing pair, in went the head of the hogshead. Our till then envied couple fell suddenly up to the middle of the leg in the wine-lees left in the cask, by

which they were bespattered up to their very eyes. Nor was this all: being too eager to extricate themselves, they over-set the cask, and came to the ground, rolling in it, and its offensive contents. It would be no easy matter to picture the ludicrous situation of Citizen Titus and Madam Berenice. This being the only mischief resulting from their fall, a universal burst of laughter seized the surrounding spectators, in which I took so considerable a share, that I could not immediately afford my assistance.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1806.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The ship *Enterprize*, Capt. Packwood, in 40 days from London, arrived at Sandy-Hook on Tuesday evening. By this arrival we have received London papers to the 20th of March, which Capt. Packwood sent up to us by a pilot boat. We have just time to extract the following articles:

LONDON, MARCH 20th.—The dispatches brought by the Flag of Truce were received at Boulogne from Paris at 10 o'clock on Tuesday night, with orders to send them off immediately, and to deliver them to the first British Cruiser, that had a King's officer on board—they were brought to Boulogne by a courier.—In pursuance of the orders received, a French naval Officer immediately embarked on board a Flag of Truce, but none of our ships were spoken, till the flag of Truce had stood nearly to Dover Roads, when she fell in, a little after 7 o'clock yesterday morning, with the *Venus* frigate—the French officer immediately went on-board her and delivered his Dispatches, which were instantly conveyed to Admiral Holloway at Deal, and from thence sent off to government.—The flag of truce remained off Dover till half past twelve yesterday, when she sailed again for Boulogne. Of the nature of the dispatches, the French officer, who was the bearer of them was wholly uninformed. By some persons they are supposed to relate merely to a cartel for the exchange of prisoners. Others can hardly believe that they relate to a cartel, because they say that a week ago

no answer had been sent to the last proposal received from the French government upon the subject, upwards of a month since. As soon as the dispatches arrived at Mr. Fox's office, he went to the Queen's house, and communicated them to his Majesty, with whom he had a long audience; after which a Cabinet Council is said to have been held.—A Morning paper adds, that another French officer arrived at Deal in a galley belonging to the Nile lugger, which took him out of a French lugger off Gravelines. Our Deal letter, however, is perfectly silent upon the subject.

The arrival of the Flag of Truce, which was known at the stock Exchange between 2 and 3 o'clock, produced the effect of raising the Funds, which, in the preceding part of the day, had been depressed by large sales of Stock made by Dutch houses. The rise, however, was not so great as it probably would have been, had not some communication been made with respect to the Loan for the service in the year.

Paris papers to the 13th, contain a note which seems to shew, that the French expect Bonaparte's speech will pave the way for a negotiation of peace. It is a note upon the article in a London paper, which mentions that "Mr. Fox suffered himself to be very easily persuaded by Lord Grenville that Peace could not be thought of on account of the unfavourable circumstances and unpropitious situation in which England found herself"

N. York Gaz.

The following appropriate address was spoken by Mrs. Jones, previous to the entertainments for her benefit on Wednesday evening.

ADDRESS

INSPIR'D by hope, not quite unmix'd with fear,
Before my much-lov'd patrons I appear
A supplicant, for leave to shew my heart,
And act—what long I've felt—a grateful part.
And did you know with what delight I trace
The progress of your favours in this place,—
From that first night my female terrors fled
To the rich bounties which now crown my head;
Then would you own your little Stranger's mind,
Is not less thankful, than you're always kind.
Five circling moons have scarcely gone their round
Since I first stept upon this scenic ground.
With throbbing pulse, and half drawn breath, I came,
An anxious, trembling, candidate, for fame—
Your sense, your taste, your science, I had heard,

Would weigh me strictly—judge them what I fear'd.

And judge too of the raptures in my breast,
To find your goodness equal all the rest.
Here, if by force of words, could be convey'd,
The deep impression which your kindness made,
Art's choicest terms should paint the glowing swell

My bosom feels—t'ho' language fails to tell.

Nor do I, as my guardians will allow,
Think heart-felt thanks are all the debt I owe,
Since gay, or sad, or well, or ill at ease,
My constant study has been still to please.

For your enlivening plaudits are the pole,
To which still points the magnet of my soul.

When sickness came, Distraction in her train,
And truth and candour were invok'd in vain,
Then did I turn my drooping thoughts to you,
And found my hopes revive—my health renew.
The thoughts of you can brace me, though unstrung,
Re-light my eyes, and re-inspire my tongue.
Rear'd by your care, nurs'd by your fostering hand
Frost—mildew—blight—escaped—the flower

Expands;
The tender germ which lay conceal'd, ere while,
Shoots, blossoms, blooms, and ripens in your smile;
And long—ah, long may your protecting aid,
The chief sweet solace of my life be made;
Long—very long, may memory combine,
On your past favour—GRATITUDE on mine.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

BELINDA's communication shall be attended to, in our next number.

We thank the gentleman who so politely favours us with valuable Selections—several of those sent us last week we had previously inserted.

A letter-box is placed at the south window of the building of our office—suitable communications will meet our earliest attention.

Advertisements inserted in this paper on reasonable terms.

Our City Inspector reports the death of forty-four persons, during the week ending on Saturday the 4th inst. viz: Athma 1; cancer 1; casualty 1*; cholera 1; consumption 9†; convulsions 3; debility 2; decay 1; dropsy 3; dropsy in the head 1; dysentery 1; fever putrid 1; fever typhus 1; hives 2; inflammation of the stomach 1; inflammation of the bowels 1; mortification 1; murdered 1‡; palsy 1; plurisy 1; St. Anthony's fire 2; small pox 3; sprue 2; still born 2; worms 1.

A man killed by a fall from his cart.
* Five men, and four women: The ages of the men were 31, 32, 39, 46 and 51, years, and of the women 17, 37, 40, and 55 years.
† John Pierce murdered by a shot from the British ship of war *Leander*.

"Wall wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring,"
"Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamps, and waves his purple wings,
"Reigns here and revels;"

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, By the Rev. Robert Forest, Mr. Thomas Rich, junr. to the amiable Miss Maria Stremmel, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Jones, Mr. Lemuel Wells, merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza Blackwell, of Blackwell's island.

On Sunday last, by the Rev. Dr. Wm. O'Brien, Mr. Charles V. Turbe, to Miss Sophia Ann Garlavan, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. Whithead Kissam, to Miss Agnes Allen, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Richard Johnston, to Miss Patty Wheeler both of this city.

At Jamaica, on the 27th ult, by the Rev Jacob Schoonmaker, Mr. James Mackerell, Sen. to Mrs. Aletta Fish, both of that place.

THEATRE.—PARK.

TO SHew
THE VERY AGE AND BODY OF THE TIME,
ITS FORM AND PRESSURE.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS.
VILLIERS.

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT,

Will be presented, the celebrated Comedy of
THE HONEY MOON.

After which and for the first time in New-York, an Interlude in one Act, called,

BLUE DEVILS.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
THE WEDDING DAY.

**BLACK JET BUTTONS,
NEW & ELEGANT TEA-TRAYS.**

A. & P. OGGBURY,

HAVE just received by the Adrianna from Liverpool, an assortment of TEA-TRAYS, of the newest and most elegant patterns, and of superior workmanship, from 16 to 30 dollars the sett, with a great variety at lower prices. Also, an assortment of ladies' BLACK JET BUTTONS.

Knives and forks, penknives, scissors, needles, spangles, tinsel trimmings, &c. all of the first quality, and for sale wholesale and retail at their store No. 77 William Street.

May 10.

NEW BOOKS.

SAGE AND THOMPSON,

149 PEARL STREET

Have received from LONDON, by the ship Alexander, a large addition to their former assortment of books, which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms: among which are the following:

Political and Confidential Correspondence of Lewis the 16th by Helen Maria Williams, 3 vols. Revolutionary Plutarch, 3 vols. 18mo calf gilt. Female Revolutionary Plutarch, 3vls 18mo. do. Life of John Wilkes, 3 vls 18mo. Rural Philosopher, 8vo calf gilt. Picture of London, for 1805. Court Calendar, for 1806. Letters of a Mamaluke, 2 vols. 12mo. Henry's Commentaries on the Bible, 6 vls. 4to calf. Doddridge's Expositor, 6 vols 8vo. calf. Cruden's Concordance, 4to calf. Zollikofer's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. Clouds Essays on the Composition of a sermon, 8vo Sturm's Reflections on the works of God, 3 vols. 18mo

Romain's Walk of Faith, 18mo. Do. Life of Faith 18 mo; Walker's Sermons, 4v 8vo Withering's Botany, 4 v 8vo Adam's Classical Biography, 8vo Smollet's Works, 9v 8vo do. Goldsmith's Works, 4 v 8vo do. Locke's Works, 10v 8vo calf. Do. on the understanding, 3 vol. 12mo. Spectator, 8vo. 12mo. calf gilt. DeRosa's Life of Petrarch, a vol 8vo do. Dictionary of Polite Literature, 2 vol. 12mo. do. Cowper's Poems, 3 v 18mo do. Hayley's Triumph of Temper, 12mo do. Father's Legacy, 12mo do. Tomkin's Select Poems, 12mo do. Pope's Works, 6 v 18mo Pindar's Works, 4 v 12mo Bishop's Poems, 2 v. 12mo do. Ovid's Art of Love, 12mo do. Plates, Odes of Anacreon, 12mo do. Boswell's Life of Johnson, 4 v. 8vo calf Cooper's Distiller, 12mo Handmaid to the Art, 2v 12mo Reide's Essay, 3 v 8 vo calf gilt. Fenning, on the globes; Keith do. Johnson's, Sheridan's, Jones and Bailey's Dictionaries.

HISTORY &c.

British Classic's 7 vols. 8vo Gibbon's Rome 6 vols 8vo New Edition. Russell's Ancient and Modern Europe 6 vols. 8vo Mavors Voyages and Travels. 24 vols Kotzebue's Travels 4 vols 18mo Biographical Dictionary 15 vols. 8vo do. do. 8vo. Studies of Nature 3 vols 8vo French Revolution. 2 vols. 8vo Bristed's Tour through the Highlands of Scotland, 2 vols. 8vo Rollins Belles Lettres, 2 vols 8vo Richardsons Correspondence 6 vols. Robertson's History of Charles 5th 4 vols 12vo Richardsons Pamela, 4 vols. 12vo Do. Clarissa Harlow, 2 vols. 8vo Beauties of English Prose, 12mo Do. do. Poetry, 12vo Carr's Nothera Summer 12vo Do. Stranger in France 12vo Burn's Works, 3 vols. 12mo Johnson's, Dictionary in miniature, 12mo

Together with a great assortment of NOVELS, TALES, ROMANCES, &c. many of which were published in London the present year. Also,

Extra large thin Folio and Quarto Post Papers. Plain, Hotpressed, and Gilt Edge, Lignum Vitae and common Sand Boxes, Ivory and other Pounce Boxes, Pounce, Best Led Pencils with and without slides, Wedge wood, Pewter and Ebony Ink stands, Walden's Japan Ink, office seals, Ink Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Penknives, Silver and Steel Pencil Cases, Playing Cards, India Rubber, Slates and Slate pencils, Quills, Tooth Brushes Reeve's water coloured Paints by the Box or single Cake, Drawing Paper, Ink and Sand Glasses for Portable Desks, Metallic Pencil Memorandum Books, Scales, Dividers, Mathematical Instruments, Fools Cap and Post Papers, Bone and Ivory Paper Folders, Letter Racks, and a variety of other articles.

May 10.

I. WOOFFENDALE,
DENTIST,

NO. 84 BROADWAY,

HAVING been informed by several people that they have purchased DENTIFRICK at different shops in this city which was sold for his, informs every person that his DENTIFRICK for cleansing and preserving the teeth, 4 shillings per box, and his LOTION for the cure of the scurvy in the gums, 8 shillings per bottle, are sold at his house, but at no other place in America. He continues to fix human, artificial, and enamelled artificial teeth.

N. B. Every person wearing artificial teeth, ought to use the LOTION every day.

May 3

41



N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving...with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do;

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.



COMMUNICATED FOR THE WEEKLY
VISITOR.

THE YOUNG NEGRO WOMAN'S SONG.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast;
The white man yielded to the blast:
He sat him down beneath our tree;
For weary, sad, and faint was he;
And, ah! no wife, or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share;
Alas! no wife, or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare!

The storm is o'er, the tempest past;
And Mercy's voice has hush'd the blast,
The wind is heard in whispers low;
The white man far away must go;
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go, white man, go; but with thee bear
The Negro's wish; the Negro's prayer;
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

THE OLD MAID'S COMPLAINT.

MY hey-day of beauty is fled;
The pleasures of life are all o'er:
What a fool I have been not to wed!
When I might have had twenty or more.

The spring of enjoyment is past;
Stern winter succeeds to my May;
Expos'd to the pitiless blast,
I sigh my existence away.

How alter'd, alas! is my case,
Since erst, at my beauty's levee,
Each handsome young lad in the place,
Was pretty near dying for me.

The young Misses, flirting about,
At me point the finger of scorn;
While I can do nothing but pout,
And wish that I'd never been born.

Ye fine young Ladies, take advice,
And make good use of your beauty;
And not be so coy and so nice,
That nobody ever can suit ye.

Don't hesitate... now is your time;
Get marry'd, dear girls, if you can:
Get marry'd, I say, in your prime,
To any good passable man.

SELECTIONS.

NATURAL DISPOSITION NOT TO BE CHANGED.

A LION or a tiger is to be tamed, but its fierce disposition can never be altered, nor can any thing save its master, friend and benefactor, from its voracious appetite, when once it has tasted of its blood. As a most melancholy instance of this truth, is the following well known fact, which happened some years ago, on board the ship which was commanded by Admiral Medley. One of the officers had brought up a young tiger to be so tame, that it went about the ship at full liberty, was caressed, and played with by all the ship's crew, without any one having the least idea of danger, and it even suffered the children to get upon his back; but behold, a little negro boy, belonging to the captain, who used to feed it, and let it lie on the bed with him, happened, by some accident, to scratch his hand, and while he was playing with the creature, it happened, in fondly licking his hand, to taste his blood, and immediately devoured him. Before the person who was witness to this dreadful accident, could go and alarm any one in the ship, there was nothing left of the poor unfortunate negro, but his head, with which the animal was amusing itself, in sight of the astonished and terrified spectators.

A HINT TO GAMESTERS.

Accept this advice, ye who sit down to play,
The best throw o' the dice, is to throw them away.

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN DESTINED FOR LONG LIFE.

HE hath a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he hath large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long, his belly does not project, and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He hath a broad arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time, without difficulty. In general, there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate, his pulse is slow and regular.

His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of no importance: they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity, a kind of delight, attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer but richer. He eats slowly, and hath not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self consumption.

In general he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent nor destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of the gall. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations—is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after honour and riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.

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BY JOHN CLOUGH,

NO 149 PEARL-STREET, NEAR THE
"COFFEE-HOUSE."